

HERE AND THERE.

ROBERT BONNER has bought Maud Macey, a six-year-old Kentucky trotter, for \$10,000.

THE oldest house in New England is said to be in Guilford, Conn. It was built in 1639.

HEREAFTER no person can vote in Maine unless he has paid a poll-tax within two years of the time when he offers his ballot.

A LITTLE girl in Syracuse, N. Y., died in convulsions from drinking brandy handed to her by her mother during the night under the supposition that it was water.

MARY L. CLOUGH, a plucky girl of 17, has just closed a successful term of teaching at East Enfield, N. H., in a school from which the big boys had "bounced" a male teacher just before.

THE following awful warning is going the rounds: "A few years ago Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague paid \$2,000 per yard for dress material. To-day her husband's paper sells for 2 cents on the dollar."

A CURIOUS headstone stands in the old burying-ground at Newport, R. I., which chronicles the death of a son and daughter of William and Desora Tripp, "also his wife's arm," amputated Feb. 20, 1776. A representation of the severed member is cut upon the stone.

A SICILIAN brigand of some little note and of high pedigree recently consented to give himself up on condition that he might first be allowed to visit his mother, who is an industrious washerwoman 101 years old. The request was considered reasonable and granted.

AT Plymouth, Ind., a few days ago, an old man named Ferris was suspected of stealing some wheat. He was seized, a rope was put about his neck, and he was drawn up. On the third application of this persuasive argument he made confession and restored the wheat.

IN Salem, Mass., Christmas was celebrated by the free distribution of food to all the needy who came to ask. The goods, in the shape of bread, meat and vegetables, were piled up in front of a grocery store on Essex Street, and all day long men and boys were busy delivering packages to the poor.

THE Scientific American illustrates a curious pocket-book, recently invented by Oscar Frankman, of Nuremberg, Germany. It comprises in one article the somewhat incongruous combination of pocket-book, cigar-case, and revolver. The owner, with one of these articles, is prepared for beggar, friend, or foe.

Two physicians were married to each other at Kalamazoo, Mich., last week—Dr. Justin Emerson and Miss Wilhelmina Elliot, a descendant of the Elliot noted in the annals of early New England, who graduated with honor at the New York Medical College last spring and from Vassar several years previously.

AT the recent silver wedding of Mr. Crocker, a millionaire of California, his wife presented an appearance unique and valuable. Her gown was a mass of silver brocade and gauze; she wore a giraffe, necklace, comb, ear-rings, and fan chatelaine of magnificent diamonds; and crowning this silvery glitter was her thick shining silver-white hair.

IN the year 1861, 19.1 per cent. of the population of Ireland spoke Irish, namely, 1,105,536 persons. In the year 1871 this proportion had sunk to 15.1 of the population, namely, to 817,875 persons. Thus it appears that the use of the Irish language is dying out at the rate of more than 200,000 persons in ten years; a fact made still more obvious by another table, showing that during the years in question the proportion of those who had changed still more markedly than the numbers of speakers. The younger generation are all learning English, and only the parents retain the use of their native tongue.

AT the clinic of the Nashville Medical College, recently, Prof. Cook presented a boy, who, from scrofulous inflammation, had lost one eye; the entire nose, including the bones, so that nothing remained to mark the spot where the nose was except a horrible depression. The palate of the mouth was also destroyed, and the lips were wholly obliterated and had so grown together that only a small circular opening remained for the mouth, which could easily be covered with a silver five-cent piece. Through this he breathes altogether, eats, and talks—not, of course, distinctly, but sufficiently to be understood. The Doctor proposes to restore, by a surgical operation, the mouth and nose, which is thought feasible.

HEIRS PRESUMPTIVE.

Interesting Reading Matter for Old Gentlemen of Means.

[From the New York Times.]

It is gradually becoming a well settled principle in law that a rich man can not do what he pleases with his money, or with himself, if he has heirs presumptive. A very rich man, if he has sons, grandsons, nephews and nieces, should be very unhappy. His movements are regarded with suspicion; unless he is a miserly curmudgeon he is thought extravagant, and he is placed under constant surveillance lest, in a moment of weakness, he shall alienate property which the heirs presumptive consider already theirs. In imagination, they see the old man fairly under the sod, and the glittering accumulation of laborious years in their hands. Meantime the rightful owner and custodian of this great wealth lags superfluous on the stage of life. They would not kill him, as the laborers did the heir, in order that the inheritance may be theirs; but something very like murder is in their hearts as they note the exasperating vitality of the rich man whose simple and temperate habits have given him a green old age. Why doesn't he die and cease to be the grasshopper and burden that he is? It would be better for one who has lived to the end of the time allotted for human earthly existence, that he relieved his expectant heirs of anxiety. It is true that he is the sturdy root of which they are the branches. But, then, how much more would they flourish if the root were under ground.

This feeling of ownership in an old person's estate finally grows into a settled conviction. The man who accumulated the coveted property ceases to be regarded as its rightful owner. He is an encumbrance upon it—almost an interloper. If he does any thing to impair the value of his possessions (or the prospective possessions of his heirs) he becomes a fit subject of legal inquiry. A younger man may waste his substance in riotous living, and the world laughs or pities until he returns with a willingness to feed on the husks of the swine. But no old rich man with heirs (and all old rich men have heirs) is allowed to make a fool of or a prodigal of himself. He is fortunate if those who are waiting for dead men's shoes do not interfere, with injunctions and other strange processes, to compel him to live meanly and with rigid economy, lest their prospective wealth shall be wasted before it reaches them. A woman of unsound mind, living in her own house, and supported by the income of her own estate, was lately brought into court by an heir presumptive, in order that the judge might decree that she should be turned out of her house and lodged less expensively, and maintained in such a frugal manner that her estate should be augmented. The heir presumptive, having a contingent interest in the property, thought it a waste that a feeble-minded woman should be comfortably fed and lodged at the expense of an estate which he expected, one day, to enjoy. It was his property that was being wasted in the maintenance of one who "should have died yesterday."

More wrath, jealousy, and disappointment are caused by the late marriage of rich old people than by any other event in life. The novelists have made good use of this, and fiction is full of dramatic surprises formed by introducing a young wife or a young husband just when the heirs presumptive are making ready to divide an estate. The schemers and plotters are thrown into a tableau when a marriage certificate is produced instead of a will. In one of the interior counties of this State a rich widower was left alone in his old age by his married sons and daughters. Not one of them would receive him into their houses; not one would stay to keep him company in the family mansion. In their own comfortable homes they waited for the old man to die and let go his hold upon his riches. He married and brought his blooming bride to his desolate homestead. Instantly, the heirs presumptive were up in arms. They invaded the house which they had shunned. They camped there in brigades; and they never raised the siege until the persecuted wife was driven out into the world again. In this case the heirs presumptive were willing that the custodian of their anticipated wealth should suffer heart-breaking loneliness while he took care of it for them, or that he should be generally forlorn, or even ridiculous; but the introduction of a companion was too much. It was introducing a new claimant to the property in which each had a contingent undivided interest. And the man who had made every dollar of his money without the assistance of his heirs presumptive, was no longer master of his own person.

In like manner, a rich man is not permitted to devise his estate as he will. That last testament of his which used to be so sacred in the eyes of his survivors is no longer his "will." Hardly was

he allowed to do with his property as he would while he lived. Had he been poor, he might have married ridiculously, or have played the dotard, without reproach or hindrance. But as he was rich, in his lifetime he was under the constant tutelage of his heirs presumptive. Now he is dead, the testament which he executed in the vigor of health brings rage and dismay to his heirs presumptive. No matter if it be a reflex of the testator's life, giving much money to churches, art schools, or industrial enterprises. The men and women who had no part or lot in gathering these riches declare that they have a natural right to divide them. Or the dead man may have passed over some to endow others superabundantly. Great is the turmoil over this seeming injustice. The dead man is beyond argument; he is beyond making defense or explanation—only one thing remains—the fixed belief of the heir presumptive that law and equity decree his right to a proportionate share in the estate. Those of us who are not rich may take comfort in reflecting that we are not watched with suspicion by heirs presumptive who fear that their estate shall be impaired. And the poor man may console himself that he will leave no heaps of gold for his heirs to quarrel over, and befool his memory while they quarrel. After all, it is wiser to make generous use of riches in one's lifetime, to administer upon one's own estate. For he walketh in a vain show who heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

Not the Kind She Wanted.

"Are these young chickens?" asked a lady of a market woman.

"Oh, yes, indeed, lady. They're nice and tender—as fine as any you ever saw," said the woman.

"They don't look like it," remarked the customer, pinching one of them critically.

"It's the honest Christian that I'm telling you, lady. I raised 'em myself, and could give their age to a day if my old man was here. For he put it down in the almanac the self-same day they was hatched. And they're nice and fat, too, lady, see,"—holding up the choicest in the lot.

"You're quite sure they're not tough, then? Young chickens are sometimes nearly as tough as old ones, you know."

"Yes, yes; very true. But I'm certain you'll find these tender. I had a couple out of the same brood for dinner Tuesday, and they were as nice as could be."

The customer opened her purse and took out a brand new trade dollar, as she placed her basket on the stall, and the market woman bustled around with a feeling of charity in her heart for all humanity, as she brought out a fresh quire of wrapping-paper, and prepared to fill what she believed would be the biggest order of the morning.

"You'll stand by all you've said about those chickens?" queried the lady, pausing with the coin in her hand; "and I believe you are here every market, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, lady; I'd sooner have every one of 'em spile on my hands than to say a single word that wasn't true, and if you don't find 'em just as I told you, come back and get your money."

"They won't do for me then," said the lady, putting back the money and picking up her basket. "I want a fowl that'll do to make soup of for a couple o' days without falling all to pieces, and then do for pot-pie afterwards. Times are very hard, and it takes close figuring to keep boarders now-a-days without losing money."

The market woman stood with her hands on her hips and watched the landlady in speechless wonder, until her figure was lost in the crowd, and then she huddled down again over her charcoal furnace and muttered:

"Why didn't I stick to the truth and close out the lot to her. She may search this market over and not find any thing that ever wore feathers that can stand bilin' like these old roosters will. Well, well; honesty's the best policy after all, but it don't always look that way. Here you are, lady—chickens? Just the thing for boarders. Three years old last fall, and tougher'n a boot-black."—Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

RUSSIAN "JUSTICE."

A Wholesale Arrangement in St. Petersburg—Four Years in Prison Before Being Brought to Trial.

The correspondent of the London Times in St. Petersburg describes this sample of Russian procedure:

Though people speak and think chiefly about the war and the way in which it is conducted, they do not entirely neglect other spheres of activity; in some of which there is likewise cause for dissatisfaction. A good deal of attention, for instance, is being devoted to a great political trial which is at present going on before a special tribunal created for affairs of the kind. Of this matter I mean to speak at some length as soon as judgment is pronounced. For the moment suffice it to say that nearly two hundred persons are accused of revolutionary propaganda, and that in all probability a considerable number of them will be condemned. It can not be said that the Russians have much sympathy with revolutionary agitation at any time, and especially when the country is struggling with foreign enemies; but the judicial and extra-judicial administration have conducted this affair in such a way that very many people blame the authorities and sympathize with the accused. The investigation was begun and arrests were made four years ago, and it is only now that the accused have been brought to trial. In the interval some of them have died, others have contracted chronic diseases, and several of them, it is said, have become insane. The whole number of arrests amounted, I am assured, to nearly a thousand; but a large number were liberated after a shorter or longer period of confinement, and others were transported without trial to small provincial towns and placed there under police supervision. The trial was delayed so long because the official who conducted the investigation wished to prove that those who had taken part in the propaganda belonged to a great secret society, and he zealously strove to bring to justice all the members of this supposed association. The advantages to be gained from this method of procedure can not easily be explained, but the evil results are only too patent. If the accused had been tried at once in little groups, the whole thing would have passed off without attracting much attention, but treated as it has been it has become a public scandal. The attempt to prove that all the accused belonged to a great secret society had evidently broken down; for they have been divided into groups, each of which is being tried separately. Seeing this, not only the accused and their friends, but also the public generally, ask why these unfortunates have been kept in prison for three or four years when they might have been tried at once. In important details as well as in the general plan of the prosecution the authorities have made serious mistakes. A young girl, for instance, was arrested because she had learned some facts from a letter of a certain Debogory. A man of that name was among the accused, and the authorities at once leaped to the conclusion that the young person in question had been in correspondence with members of the supposed secret society. When she had been in prison for two or three years it was accidentally discovered that the writer of the letter was not the Debogory who had been arrested, but a newspaper correspondent of the same name, and that the letter appeared in one of the daily papers. Investigators into crime are, of course, liable to error like ordinary mortals; but many people think that as the prosecution was conducted so very leisurely, more care might have been taken to avoid such mistakes. Other incidents, in which no informal injustice was committed, have made a painful impression on public opinion. A young doctor, who had been compromised four years ago, but had been allowed to remain at liberty on condition of appearing when summoned, was recalled from the army, where he had distinguished himself, and was placed in the dock. Still more sympathy has been awakened by the case of a young girl who was likewise arrested some years ago and was likewise liberated on bail. When she had probably forgotten all about having read revolutionary pamphlets and talked sedition, if she was ever guilty of such things, and when she was already a married woman with two young children, she was again arrested and placed among the accused. Besides all this, more than once disagreeable scenes have occurred in Court. The other day, for instance, a prisoner made some disrespectful remarks, and a gendarme, with more zeal than discretion, tried to stop this disorder by putting his hand on the speaker's mouth. A scuffle ensued; the sentries rushed forward with drawn swords; a cry was raised that the prisoner was being murdered; the counsel

protested loudly; several of the female prisoners fainted, and one of them had a fit of hysterics. The incident was not reported by the newspapers, but it soon became generally known, and has been much commented on. The fall of Plevna will, however, of course, withdraw public attention for a time from these subjects of serious importance, and make people forget for a little all complaints and dissatisfaction.

A Norway Sensitive Plant.

The affection of interest in the sciences is leading the country a wild chase. Many are the laughable blunders that the would-be scientists are led into by their vanity. As soon as a little clique begin to understand a few scientific terms and principles they give themselves a society name, and inflict ponderous essays upon one another. Bret Harte's "Society of the Stanislaus" is a fair example of the average scientific society. Boston is largely responsible for this lunacy. It is a case of scientific vanity gone too mad, and the seed has spread like wildfire down. Unfortunately, the wind set in our direction. What a fearful responsibility is Boston's. This popular delusion has taken root in Lafayette. They call it after Agassiz. This knot of self-deluded mortals might have forever remained in innocent and harmless obscurity had it not been for that destroyer of happiness, the practical joker. If the practical joker, and the man who didn't know it was loaded, could only overcome specific gravity and be shot off into space, how much lighter the world would be. This joker knew that one of the members of the Society was particularly proud of his knowledge of botany. Rare plants were to him a "well-spring of pleasure." He revealed his collection of no ordinary comprehension. He wanted a Norway sensitive plant, however. The Society had been regaled with the beauties and wonders of this wonderful plant. Imagine his joy on Christmas Day, when a warm friend and fellow-scientist presented him with a pot containing a shoot just out of the ground and of promising appearance. He had been to much trouble to procure the plant for his friend; but, knowing that he would scientifically appreciate the present, he wished to test his admiration by this little present. Words could not express the delight of the savant. The pot was tenderly carried home, and placed in the most favorable spot in his greenhouse. Daily he would spend hours bending over it, watering it, and watching its beauties unfold. That little brown stem concealed revelations which it was to present to him, and he would write a paper on it to be read to the Club. With the patience of Bacon beside his wonderful brazen head, he waited, watched, and watered. And how was he rewarded? The other morning he concluded that his pet needed to have the earth loosened about it. Carefully he broke the dirt around the stem. He struck something soft and round. Could his plant be bulbous? Here was a discovery indeed. With eager fingers he removed the earth and uncovered a mouse. He had been watching and watering its tail, which would never reward him with the hoped-for buds. Botany has not that attraction for him that it formerly had, and his scientific friend has gone East to apply for a position on the American Naturalist.—Indianapolis Journal.

Horrible Freak of an Insane Man.

A French Canadian cabinet-maker named Joseph Cafe, who lives at 47 Mill Street, has been insane by spells for a year or more. His freaks heretofore are well known to the police and public generally. Some half a year ago he was sent to the insane asylum and recovered, apparently, and for the last two or three months has been quite rational so that he carried on his business as usual. He was in the habit of buying his stock at the planing mill of Moulton & Ingraham, No. 22 Mill Street. At 2 o'clock yesterday he rushed into the building, past all the men, went right up stairs, neither noticed or spoke to any one, and went right straight to a steam-planer, started it in motion, and shoved both hands through. Of course the result was that his hands were strewn about the shop in inch pieces, quicker than thought, while the unfortunate man's blood spouted like water from a faucet. The men who saw the horrible deed done rushed to the machine and stopped it. Cafe was taken to his shop, which is nearly opposite Drs. Gardner and Smith were moved, who amputated both of tilted members at the wrist, leaving etherized. The injured man wife but no children. His recdoubtful.—Providence (R. I.) Press.

DAVID DAVIS is known in I Old-man-who-splits-the-dick R. Chester Democrat.